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WORKS,

IN

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OF

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AND

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A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

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Thus much it was thought necessary to say, by Way of Engagement with the Publick. For tho' all who subscribe to a young Author, may not expect an equivalent Return for the Money they advance; yet, it is certainly his Duty, in Point of Gratitude, to make them a Return as nearly so as he is able. Nor can it be amiss to let them know, when he solicits their Favour, that this is his real Intention; and that he desires their Encouragement, not merely from a Principle of Good-Nature, which he supposeth to be in Them, but because he purposeth, as much as in him lies, to deserve it. Without such an Assurance as this, it is hard to say indeed what Pretence he can have for an Application of this Nature.

It may be proper to add a Word or two concerning the Notes, which are every where subjoined to these Miscellanies. In such of them as are not merely historical, the Reader will perceive the Stile to be usually varied, according to the Character of the Pieces they relate to. It is not probable that all of them, any more than of the Poems, should please every One: But if some of them are found to be useful, and others diverting, it is hoped that no One will dislike the Design of them in general.





FREEDOM and the MUSE: *

A N

Irregular O D E.

Trabit sua quemque voluptas. VIRG.

I.



N vain, my Friends, would you controul
The bold, licentious Sallies of my Soul!

She rises with elastic Force,
And to her native Skies directs her Course.

* The first Sketch of this Ode, consisting of about an hundred Lines, was written when the Author was very young. It was occasioned by some ill-natured Expressions that were dropp'd by one of his Relations, and designed as an Apology for his Application to the Study of Poetry. He thought it necessary, in a Piece of this Nature, to assume somewhat of that

B

'Tis not for you her Flights to blame, 5
 Who never felt the sacred Flame ;
 Whose Thoughts, whose Wishes, end, as they com-
 mence,
 With the low Objects of familiar Sense.
 Nature to me hath giv'n a Mind,
 By short Prescriptions not to be confin'd : 10
 It roves thro' all th' extended Space,
 Where yet Creation never had a Place.

II.

You bid me Poetry forego :
 Command the THAMES no more to flow,
 Or upwards drive the falling Snow ; 15
 Bid the Birds forbear to fly :
 When these observe you, so shall I.

Enthusiasm and conscious Dignity, which Poets usually pretend to, and which enables them to treat their Detractors as People of a Rank vastly inferior to themselves. In the Prospect of publishing a general Collection of his Poems, he fixed upon this as a proper Introduction to the rest ; and with that View enlarged it, on the Revival, to what it now appears. What he maintains in it is, " That no Man hath a natural Right to impose a certain Method of Thinking and Living on any other ; " That the Pleasures of Freedom and Study are preferable to those that attend the Pursuit, or Possession, of Riches and Honour ;

Till then, this MUSE, this nobler Part of Me,
 Must act obedient to th' inspiring Cause,
 (As *they* to Nature's certain Laws) 20
 Nor cease to sing, till I shall cease to be.

III.

Would you not laugh, should you be told,
 That, in some Fabulist of old,
 An home-bred Fowl instructs the Bird of Jove
 Whither to fly, and how to move? 25
 Trust me, 'tis just the same, when you pretend
 To form the System of your Friend ;
 Whose bolder Genius calmly can display
 Truths, that you tremble to survey ;
 Who knows, in Life, the Specious from the True, 30
 Dares single out the best, and venture to pursue.

and, " That they who are capable of enjoying the former, are, in that particular, above the Censure of Persons who can taste only the latter."

Ver. 11, 12. *It roves thro' all th' extended Space,*

Where yet Creation never had a Place.

Space, considered absolutely, signifies infinite Extension, or Expansion without Circumference; and therefore the Idea of it is not necessarily limited by that of Creation. This Passage, it is hoped, will not appear too bold, in a Species of Poetry that requires the boldest Thoughts, as well as Expressions.

IV.

What live we for, but wisely to be *free*?
 If not in *Choice*, where can this Freedom be?

In your own Case you place it there:
 How came you else determin'd as you are? 35
 Upon what Principle did you proceed,
 When first you plann'd the System of your Creed?

Was it not this? "My Soul is free:
 "Who then shall judge, or who decide for me?"
 Were you now ask'd, (as properly you may) 40
 In what consists the Manhood of the Mind;

"To think and chuse," would you not say?
 "To think and chuse distinguishes our Kind."
 Well! since to all this Privilege abides,
 And you, by this, dare differ from your Guides; 45
 Your Modes of Life why should not I refuse,
 Withequal Right of Choice, and happier Skill to chuse?

Ver. 32—47.] The great Privilege of Humanity consists in the free Pursuit of our rational Inclinations: The Poet and the Philosopher have a Right to this Privilege in common with other Men, and, at the same Time, the Art of turning it, more than others, to their Advantage.

Ver. 48—59.] The Charms of Power and Profit are not equal

V.

The Baits of Dignity and Gain,

Alas! they glitter, but in vain :

No, no, my Friends, your Wisdom cannot find

A Charm, to tempt my *museward* Mind. 50

The MUSE hath Charms more lasting and more true ;

Tho' too refin'd in Theory for you :

Yet whose Effects you oft' perceive,

When Beauty makes the Bosom heave ; 55

When Virtue sets the Soul on Fire ;

When swells Devotion in the sacred Quire :

In each the MUSE, the HARMONY can please ;

And I but *tune* myself, as you are *tun'd* by these.

VI.

Your honest Zeal I pity, but not blame: 60

'Tis your Mistake, and not your Shame,

That while I quit the vulgar Track,

to those of Liberty, Harmony, and Order. The latter, tho' not truly understood, are often felt by those who pursue only the former, in such a Manner as proves that they afford the most sublime Delight.

Ver. 60—68.] 'Tis for want of knowing in what true Pleasure consists, that People of Business are apt to blame those of

6 F R E E D O M *and the* M U S E :

You think me wrong, and urge me to come back.
 Back? Heav'ns! to what? To Labour and to Care?
 Ah! would you Things impartially compare, 65
 Soon must your Taste of Pleasure change,
 Soon must you wish at Liberty to range!

VII.

Would you discern the Free-Man from the Slave?
 Regard the *Self*: 'Tis Accident to *have*.
 The Goods of Chance, whatever they may seem, 70
 Have no true Value, but in our Esteem;
 Or as they help us to pursue
 Content and Ease, more worth than INDIA and PERU.

VIII.

But stay, and let's expatiate in this Field,
 And gather all 'tis capable to yield! 75

a more distinguishing Taste. And this they find themselves, if ever they are able to compare Things without Prejudice.

Ver. 68—73.] Freedom and Slavery, Riches and Poverty, consist in the being able, or not able, to govern and possess ourselves: The Goods of Fortune, of what kind soever, being merely accidental, and no constitutional Part either of the Man or his Happiness: Hence that antient and just Remark, That a good and wise Man carries his ALL about him.

Ver. 76, &c.] The foregoing Proposition confirm'd and en-

The Pow'r to purchase, and th' extended Sway,
 Purchase they Peace, or make our Appetites obey?
 Or teach they manfully to bear
 Want, Envy, Pain? or can they calm Despair?
 These Fruits, or nothing, should (methinks) suffice 80
 To make them fought, and valu'd by the Wise:
 These you pretend not ever to have found,
 For one short Hour, in all your busy Round:
 Yet still your Hopes and Labours you renew;
 And still you talk of Happiness in View. 85

IX.

What is it, which thus fondly you miscall?
 This Aim of Action, this mistaken All?
 Is that a Substance, which could never give
 A Pleasure capable to live?

forc'd, by proving that the Goods of Fortune cannot remove the usual Obstructions of human Happiness, nor promote the common Means of attaining it.

Ver. 79. *Want.*] That rich and powerful Persons should be in Want, will not seem strange to those who consider that we have more Wants from our irrational Appetites than from Nature.

Ver. 86—97.] Ambitious and covetous People are mistaken in their Opinion of true Happiness; which however is to be found, if properly pursued.

Ah! no, 'tis a delusive Shade, 90

By your contracted Wishes made!

X.

But dare you say, that none shall know
(Because you miss) true Happiness below?

Ill-judg'd again! Tho' you pursue

The False, yet some possess the True. 95

Nearer than you conceive it lies ;

Nor ever mocks th' Enquiry of the Wise.

XI.

Well then! one Moment cast Opinion by,

And trust to Reason's naked Eye :

Let that inform you (for it truly can) 100

Where lies conceal'd this Happiness of Man.

In Wealth, in Honour, seek it as you may,

Still you pursue, but never catch the Prey.

Ver. 98—112] Reason is the proper Guide to a true Notion of Happiness. This informs us that it cannot consist in external Acquirements, but in the Exercise of Virtue, the Government of our Passions, and the impartial Use of our Understanding; from which naturally results an universal Benevolence.

Ver. 105. *The* PROTEUS.] PROTEUS, according to the Poets, was a Sea God, the Son of OCEANUS and TETHYS. He could change himself into what Form he pleased. The

The distant Good while Fancy apes,
 The PROTEUS takes a thousand Shapes, 105 }
 Allures in each, in ev'ry one escapes!

Where dwells it then, but in the Breast,
 When Virtue wakes, and Passion is at rest?

When Thought, unprejudiced, can rove,
 And tune the Soul to universal Love? 110

There seek it; and confess, with Me,
 The Virtuous happy, and the Happy free!

XII.

But, ah! the Freedom I pursue,
 (Believe me) was not made for you:
 Already you are in your Sphere; 115
 And never, never, must you enter here.
 Tho' close Reflection possibly may teach,
 That what you pant for you can never reach;

Truth is said to be, that PROTEUS King of EGYPT, by changing his parti-colour'd Upper-garment almost every Day, gave rise to this Fable; which serves for a standing Allusion, in speaking either of Persons or Things that frequently vary their Appearances.

Ver. 113—140.] True Freedom of Soul is not to be attain'd by People attach'd to worldly Interest, nor even to be reflect-ed on by them without Pain; because, tho' they see the De-

10 F R E E D O M *and the* M U S E :

That Happiness hath not her Birth
 From the dark Entrails of the Earth ; 120
 Your downward Souls so strongly are inclin'd,
 (The MUSE can read the Temper of the Mind)
 You will but see your Wretchedness compleat,
 And view the Golden Fruit you dare not eat :
 Then must, alas! return again, 125
 To toil, and wish, and suffer greater Pain.

XIII.

Ah! what avails it, that the present Hour
 Shews the great Blessing always in your Pow'r,
 Whilst you avert your wayward Feet,
 And your own Liberty refuse to meet? 130
 Yes, my prophetic Soul can see,
 You ne'er will venture bravely to be free!
 Fix'd to this Globe, you dare not rise,
 With Me, to meditate the Skies ;

firableness of it, they want Resolution to throw off their former Engagements.

Ver. 122. *The MUSE can read, &c.*] It is not ascribed to any absolute Necessity of Nature that they cannot attain this Freedom, but only to a strong habitual Propensity, which it is pre-

Nor your own Nature calmly to explore, 135

Or start some Truth unknown before.

In one dull Round of Bus'ness and of Care,

From Month to Month, from Year to Year,

Forwards you plod, as Av'rice may controul,

Nor spend one Thought to harmonize the Soul. 140

XIV.

Enjoy your Taste ! I never shall repine :

But then forbear to censure mine.

Of Nature's Gift I vindicate the Use,

And but defend the Birthright you traduce.

Know then, that Nature's vulgar Ties, 145

The Name, the Blood, are nothing to the Wife!

These mark the Kindred Genius that inflames,

And claim Alliance under various Names.

Hence I have Brothers, Friends, to you unknown,

One genuine MUSE adopts us for her own ; 150

sumed they will never master, as in Ver. 131, 132.

Ver. 143. *Nature's Gift.*] Her peculiar distinguishing Gift, which is more prevalent in the Choice we make of Associates and Friends, than that common Inclination towards each other, which flows with the Blood, and which is express'd

Whilst you and I, by Nature join'd,
 Have no Similitude of Mind;
 Have Souls infus'd for diff'rent Ends,
 (For Bus'ness yours, for Contemplation mine)
 That can no more be cordial Friends, 155
 Than the two Poles can touch the Line.

XV.

Proceed, amass the shining Ore,
 If possible, till you desire no more:
 I shall pursue a diff'rent Course,
 Observe Events, and sing th' Eternal Source. 160
 Mean while, the MUSE will have it known,
 My Soul's beyond your Notice far:
 Your Pity for her wisely you may spare;
 And if you envy, you torment your own,
 Be this a final Answer, why 165

two Lines lower by *Nature's vulgar Ties*.

Ver. 151—156.] Ad conjungendas amicitias studiorum
 & naturæ similitudo magnam vim habet. CIC.

Ver. 151. *By Nature join'd*.] By the vulgar Ties of Nature
 above-mentioned.

Ver. 155. *Cordial Friends*.] Perfect, hearty Friends, upon
 such equal Terms as may make the Friendship alike agreeable
 to both Parties.

I with your Wishes never shall comply :
 While Providence more narrowly I view,
 I see more Reason to depend thereon, than you.

XVI.

When the bold MUSE attempts to rise,
 And swift as Thought directs her Flight, 170
 Can you pursue her thro' the Skies,
 Or see how Nature opens to her Sight ?
 Can you behold the Chain of Love,
 Below connecting with Above ?
 Hath Meditation tun'd your Ears 175
 To the deep Musick of the Spheres ?
 How in the vast Creation can it be,
 That all Things differ, and yet All agree ?
 On the first Laws have you presum'd to look,
 As writ in Nature's universal Book ? 180

Ver. 169—186.] The Folly of People who pretend to censure what they do not understand, is here illustrated, by an Enumeration of some of the sublime Topicks on which Poetry is frequently employ'd.

Ver. 176. *Musick of the Spheres.*] The regular and orderly Motion of the heavenly Bodies.

Ver. 178. *All Things differ, and yet All agree.*] All Things differ with regard to one another, as distinct Beings; but agree

14 *FREEDOM and the MUSE:*

Or the small Tomes have you perus'd,
 And seen how Vegetation is diffus'd ;
 From thence ascending, by Degrees,
 To Beasts, to Men, from Elements and Trees ?
 Alas ! you hear with ignorant Surprize.---- 185
 And yet you judge, and you advise !

XVII.

Mark how the MUSE, in various Strains,
 Her native Dignity maintains !
 Thro' Fancy's Empire would the Goddess rove,
 And blend her Songs with Tales of Love ; 190
 Down from the Gods to rural Hinds
 Her Names and Characters she finds.
 Or Deeds of Arms would she rehearse,
 And found the martial Clangor in her Verse ;
 Well-chosen Words march in at her Command, 195
 And, rang'd in firm Battalia, stand.

in filling up their several Parts in the universal System.

Ver. 202. *Her PEGASUS.*] PEGASUS was a winged Horse, represented as the Son of NEPTUNE and MEDUSA, or, according to others, as rising from the Blood of MEDUSA, when she was slain by PERSEUS. BELLEROPHON was mounted on this Horse, when he slew the CHIMÆRA : But afterwards endeavouring to fly up to Heaven, he was thrown from his

Religion's Charms would she commend,
She bids the Guardian Deities descend ;
Invites to Joys which Numbers cannot paint,
And makes all Heav'n a Surety for the Saint. 200

XVIII.

Fain would she now give up the Reins,
And urge her PEGASUS to rise.
He too exults ; the Curb disdains ;
And views with Joy the Lyric Prize.
Ideas to the Fancy throng, 205
And claim Admission in my Song.
But Reason checks th' audacious Flight :
She knows his Danger, who presumes
Too much, like ICARUS, on waxen Plumes ;
And keeps the Bounds of mortal Sight. 210
The MUSE's Birth let this Excursion prove,
Till regularly high she learns to move ;

Back on the ALEIAN PLAIN. PEGASUS, however, was taken up by JUPITER, and placed among the Stars. From the Print of his Foot sprung the Fountain HIPPOCRENE, sacred to the Muses. Hence he is called the Horse of the Muses, and his Name is frequently used by the Poets to express the Force of Imagination.

Ver. 209. *Like ICARUS.*] ICARUS was the Son of DEDA-

Till, conscious grown of her experienc'd Force,
 And Skill, to fit the furious Horse,
 She soars aloft; and, as she sings, 215
 Looks down with Pity on the Pomp of Kings.

IUS, a famous **ATHENIAN** Artift. Being imprifoned together in **CRETE**, the Father made waxen Wings for them both, in order to their Escape: But **ICARUS** flying too near the Sun, melted the Wax, fell into the Sea, and was drowned. That Part of the **ARCHIPELAGO** which was antiently called the **ICARIAN SEA**, is faid to have taken its Name from the Misfortune of this Youth.



LYCON:



L Y C O N :

A PASTORAL FABLE. *

L O N G L Y C O N liv'd, and aged Honours wore :
 By all the Virtuous none was valu'd more :
 His Wisdom widely o'er the Plain was known,
 And Knowledge from His Lips was fought alone.
 Whene'er He spoke, soft Silence reign'd around, 5
 And all the Swains attended to the Sound.
 Not more Regard ev'n Prophecy could find
 Than what He said, nor more affect the Mind.
 To Him, their rural Wranglings to compose,
 The Shepherds came ; and what He will'd, they chose.
 Scarce did the Morning ever gild the Skies, 10
 Till balmy Sleep was banish'd from His Eyes :

* Occasioned by an Affair within the Author's Knowledge,
 which proved a little to the Disgrace of one of those Men
 whom we emphatically call Shepherds, and who is here sha-
 dowed under the Name of DAMON.

Nor this from Habit merely, but Design :
 His first Employments always were divine.
 Either, enraptur'd, would His Fancy fly, 15
 Thro' Nature's Plan, to Worlds that roll on high ;
 Or in the Field he sung His Maker's Praise,
 Where oft' the Lark was waken'd by His Lays.

It chance'd one Summer's Morn, at early Dawn,
 As, deeply fix'd in Thought, He cross'd the Lawn ; 20
 On the still Breeze resounded DAMON's Lay,
 Of lawless Love, and Joys that shun the Day.
 The Mountains echo'd, as it pass'd along,
 With CÆLIA's Name, the Burthen of the Song.

All this the Sage regardless could not hear : 25
 He fought the Swain, directed by His Ear :
 Whom on the Green, with CÆLIA by his Side,
 Supinely stretch'd, and wantonly, He spy'd.
 The Nymph's Surprize a guilty Blush betray'd ;
 Nor less the conscious Shepherd was dismay'd : 30

Ver. 16. *Thro' Nature's Plan, to Worlds, &c.*] Considering that LYCON, as well as the rest, is an allegorical Character, he will hardly be found too much a Philosopher in this Line.

Ver. 33—56.] This Part of LYCON's Discourse, reproaching

Grave LYCON's Prefence rous'd up all his Dread ;
Nor durst he speak : When thus the Elder said :

O Swain ! of Reason and Remorse bereft,
In Charge of Flocks unworthy to be left ;
Think, now your lawless Pleasures are disclos'd, 35
Think of your Sheep, unguarded and expos'd.
While rav'nous Wolves are ravaging the Plain,
What can prevent but Numbers may be slain ?
Which (pass the Pain that guiltless they endure)
Will Shame, at once, and Poverty procure. 40

Mark how your Actions penetrate the Sky !
How Vengeance falls, regarded by each Eye !
The Crow rapacious, and the Raven thrives,
While your weak Lambkins sigh away their Lives !

If this convince you not, then look around, 45
And read your Crimes imprinted on the Ground.
The blasted Lawn no juicy Herbage yields ;
No blushing Flowers blossom in the Fields :

DAMON for his Wantonness and Neglect, and describing the unhappy Consequences thereof, it is presumed, will be thought truly pastoral in a strict Sense ; besides that the moral Meaning, for which alone the whole was written, is sufficiently clear.

A dreary Waste o'er all the Plain extends;
And universal Winter never ends. 50

Yet, bold in Vice, ev'n Judgments you despise:
New Crimes ascend, when Penitence should rise.
Nay more; you glory in the Actions done;
Nor blush to sing them to the rising Sun:
The rising Sun, ashamed to view the Sight, 55
Witholds his Beams, and sheds but half his Light.

To DAMON this: Ah! was it to no more.
(Yet your Example Virtue may restore.)
The dire Contagion spreads o'er all the Plain,
And guilty Passion preys on ev'ry Swain. 60
As Yester-night, alone, I took my Way,
A Song surpriz'd me, as did yours To-day:

Ver. 59, 60.] The Author is aware, That the Reflection, in these two Lines, upon the Shepherds in general of LYCON'S Time, cannot be justly understood in the mystical Sense before pointed out. Doubtless our allegorical Shepherds, in these Days, are far from deserving a general Censure either on their Negligence or their Luxury!

Ver 65—80.] In this Manner, and much beyond it, we learn from our Predecessors, the Poets of all Ages, to paint the Times that are past; and the farther distant they are, the better. In OVID'S Days, and long before, the World was enter'd upon its Iron Age; and, if we believe some Persons, has

STREPHON and DAPHNIS, in alternate Rymes,
Sung of their Loves, and boasted of their Crimes.

Oh! could we see such Days the Antients knew, 65
When ev'ry Shepherd to his Charge was true ;
When harmless Songs provok'd to chaste Delight
By Day, and brought on gentle Sleep at Night :
For genuine Virtue when both Sexes strove,
And Friendship form'd the Prelude of their Love ; 70
(Love, such as reign'd in EDEN's happy Shade,
Ere Man rebell'd, and Misery was made.)
The Youth was pleas'd his Pleasure to forbear,
Till Truth and HYMEN gave him up the Fair.
Nor did ev'n Marriage captivate the Mind : 75
Their Kindred Hearts were mutually inclin'd.

been growing worse ever since. It seems to have been the Humour of Mankind, as far back as we have any Memorials of their Humour, to speak ill of the present Time, and give ideal Descriptions, in a very agreeable Manner, of the Days of their Forefathers. These Descriptions however, if they have nothing else in them, contain the Picture of what their Authors imagine human Nature capable of being, and what consequently, in their Opinion, it ought to be : Tho' at present, I believe, with most People, it will hardly amount to a Question, Whether the Golden Age of the Poets ever existed any where but in their Writings?

Then too did Providence delight to bless :
 The fleecy Flocks brought forth a large Increase :
 A lovely Smile on Nature's Face was seen :
 The Sheep were healthy, and the Pastures green. 80
 Oh, DAMON ! learn thy Passions to restrain,
 That Halcyon Times may visit us again.

Thus LYCON's Sermon ended, without Art.
 The sharp Reproof pierce'd deep the Shepherd's Heart :
 The Nymph express'd Repentance with her Eyes : 85
 Both stood reclaim'd by Counsel of the Wife.
 And hence we learn, " how greatly may conduce
 A Word in Season, to the noblest Use ! "

Ver. 82. *Halcyon Times.*] Times of Plenty and Tranquility,
 such as are before described.

Ver. 87, 88.] This Poem being called a Fable, and an Allegory, it was proper to express the Moral of it, contrary to the usual Custom in Pastoral Writings.





T H E
M O D E R N J U D G E:
A T A L E. *

Inscrib'd to

Mr. ROBERT BROWNE, Painter.

A L L Y ' D in Blood, while each pursues
The Dictates of His fav'rite Muse,
Methinks, O BROWNE! Thy Art and Mine,
With mingled Rays should ever shine.
The friendly Teint and grateful Lay
The Lustre lent Them might repay !

5

* Written with a View to the Hardships the most excellent Masters in every Science are under, in being frequently obliged to depend for Encouragement on Persons no ways capable to judge of their Performances.

Ver. 2. *His fav'rite Muse.*] The Muses are represented as the Inventresses and Patronesses of all other curious Arts, as well as of Poetry.

Long have I wish'd a Theme would start,
 With such Allusion to Thy Art,
 As might inspire Me with Thy Fame,
 And in My Numbers fix Thy Name,
 The wish'd Occasion comes at last;
 A meaning Tale, by Fancy cast,
 That shews how Gold o'er Genius rules,
 And Science sinks, contemn'd by Fools.

10

O may Thy Fate preserve Thee free
 From Fops, who Merit cannot see,
 But chief, from Fops of high Degree!
 And mayst Thou view with friendly Eyes
 An artless Sketch, that shall comprize
 A Moral, for the Skill'd and Wise!

15 }

} 20

A MODERN Painter had no Peer :
 His Works were purchas'd far and near.
 CLODIO, a Mimick of the Mode,

Ver. 31, 32. Contain a too just Representation of the Taste of many pretended Connoisseurs and Patrons, who confound what is truly curious in any Art with the most mechanical Parts of it. This Thought is more strongly represented a little farther, in the Maid's Discourse to our Painter.

Ver. 40. VANDYKE.] ANTHONY VANDYCK was born at

Whose Wit was light, whose Wealth a Load,
 Because the Man was mention'd so, 25
 Would have some Piece of his to show.

He sends. The Painter was at Hand.
 What Picture, Sir, would you demand?
 CLODIO, in Country Notions nurst,
 Answer'd in brief, King CHARLES the First. 30
 To paint a King was little more,
 He thought, than 'twas to paint a Door.

His future King the Man designs,
 And boldly traces out the Lines :
 The Colours blend at his Command ; 35
 And STUART rose beneath his Hand.
 (With pious Front and pointed Beard
 Th' anointed Confessor appear'd.)
 He made the Kingly Features strike
 With all the Spirit of VANDYKE : 40

ANTWERP. He studied under VAN BALEN and RUBENS, travell'd into ITALY, and at last came into ENGLAND in the Reign of King CHARLES the First. His Portraits, in particular, are greatly admir'd; by which he got not only great Reputation, but also great Weath, much of which he wasted in Chymistry and Amours. He died at LONDON in 1641.

Then carefully retouch'd it thrice ;

And twenty Pieces were the Price.

This Picture crown'd his num'rous Toils :

His former Works to this were Foils.

The finish'd Labour throng'd his Doors 45

With all the rival Connoisseurs.

A Price is bid by All who come,

And still the last the largest Sum :

But Virtue scorn'd the sordid Thought ;

The Work was his for whom 'twas wrought. 50

To CLODIO's Door our Artift came ;

Knock'd ; spoke with NAN ; sent up his Name.

My Master's busy, Friend, To-day :

But leave your King, he bid me say ;

And come To-morrow just at Nine ; 55

Or—about Two, perhaps, he'll dine.

At Nine next Morn our Man attends ;

But finds that CLODIO and two Friends

Ver. 49, 50.] Persons of true Genius are seldom capable of making any Advantage to themselves by Means which they esteem dishonourable, though No-body else carries the Point of Honour to such a Height as they do.

(As they the Night before agreed)

Were gone to BERWICK UPON TWEED. 60

As for the Picture, there it hung.

Think how the Painter's Soul was stung!

Think how he look'd, when by the Maid

The Sense of CLODIO was display'd!

My Master likes your Painting well ; 65

And you'll do more : That I can tell.

He'll have himself, and Parson SABLE,

And Justice BUNCH, behind our Table,

Tossing-off Bumpers of OCTOBER :

(They must be drunk, and Master sober). 70

In Madam's Room he'll have that hung.

The Mill that grinds old Women young,

With JOSEPH's Dream, and ADAM's Fall,

Those you must paint upon this Wall.

Then Master says, All under one, 75

He'll have the Window-shutters done,

Ver. 72. *The Mill, &c.*] At the Time of writing this Tale, such a Print was mightily in vogue among the Vulgar, and copy'd in variety of Sizes. The Humour went so far, that this Mill was hung up for a Sign, and made the Subject of a Shew.

And that new Kennel there for TURK.—

You'll have, I warr'nt, a Fortnight's Work.

Thy Master, Child, is wondrous kind,

And thou hast amply told his Mind : 80

But wilt thou reach me down the Piece

That I have done there? — Surely, Yes!

Pleas'd to receive his CHARLES again,

He tore it thro' with deep Disdain,

And cast the Fragments on the Floor ; 85

Then spoke this Fable at the Door.

A SPIDER once so finely wrought,

That all the wiser Insects bought.

Fame, Fortune, Friends, flow'd in, and made

Her Work the Standard of her Trade. 90

There was no fashionable Room,

Unhung with Hangings from her Loom.

In short, the Notion was embrace'd,

Ver. 98. ARACHNE.] A Virgin of LYDIA, so excellent in the Art of Weaving, that she prefer'd herself to PALLAS, and even contended with that Goddess for Superiority. PALLAS, enraged, destroy'd the Work of her Rival, who took the Affront so much to Heart that she hang'd herself. After which the Goddess transform'd her into a Spider, and

Who bought no Tap'stry, had no Taste.

Shall mine, a gaudy Cricket said, 95
Be thought the only brainless Head?
I'll have this Weaver at my Will.

He went. ARACHNE try'd her Skill.
Tale after Tale her Web supplies,
Of Insect Wars, and slaughter'd Flies. 100

The Curious swarm'd from ev'ry Part,
And own'd her Master-piece of Art.
The Ants propos'd to rid their Homes,
The Bees of Taste would clear their Combs,
To purchase what, they all agreed, 105
She never match'd, nor could exceed.

By slow Degrees the Work advance'd:
'Twas done: The Value was enhance'd.
She bore it home with conscious Pride,
And PALLAS once again defy'd. 110

her Name is continu'd to that industrious and sagacious Animal. See OVID'S *Metamorphoses*, B. vi.

Ver. 100. *Insect Wars, and slaughter'd Flies.*] Proper historical Subjects for a Piece of Tapestry wove by a Spider.

Ver. 110. *Pallas once again defy'd.*] Alluding to the Contention above-mentioned.

Their eager Eyes the Judges cast,
 And envy'd GRYLLUS as she past;
 GRYLLUS, who saw the Work display'd,
 Then tofs'd his Head, and coldly said:

Your Piece is wond'rous pretty Dame: 115

Weave me a Dozen of the same.

I'll hang your Webs on ev'ry Wall,

Down from my Garret to my Hall.

I shall not grudge the Market Price.—

But see the rest be wrought as nice! 120

The Spider swell'd at this Disgrace,

And rent her Work before his Face:

Asham'd to shew that Labour more,

So treated now, so prais'd before.

This ruin'd all her Hopes: By This 125

She lost her Time, the World her Piece.

Yet hence this Maxim to the Wife,

“ The Learn'd alone can Learning prize.”

Ver. 112. GRYLLUS.] The Cricket.

Ver. 122. *And rent her Work.*] This and other Circumstances in the Fable are made exactly parallel to Circumstances in the Story, that so the Application to the Wench might be more

THE PAINTER in this rapturous Mood
 Sung, while the Wench attentive stood, 130
 And thought the Moments mighty long,
 Till thus the Bard made out his Song.

Sweetheart, to Thee, who may'ft not reach
 The noble Truths my Numbers teach,
 Both Deed and Fable I'll explain.— 135
 The Cricket had thy Master's Brain ;
 There lies the Web, of Price so high ;
 The skilful Spider, Child, am I ;
 Who wrought to please a wealthy Fool,
 That of no Science knows one Rule, 140
 And fees no Merit but in Gold.—
 When CLODIO comes, let this be told.

O TELL me BROWNE, who know'ft Mankind,
 This Picture, seems it well design'd ?
 Maintains not Art continual Strife 145
 With Tastes like These, in real Life ?

easy and natural : Otherwise, a greater Variety had been better.

Ver. 128. *The Learn'd alone can Learning prize.*] That is, Truly and Judiciously prize, so as to give any Pleasure to the Person who is complimented with their Approbation.

When Thy free Hand, by Nature taught,
 Has from the Canvas call'd a Thought,
 And bid the blending Tints impart
 A finish'd Work, by Sons of Art 150
 With Wonder and with Envy seen ;
 Say, would it fail to move Thy Spleen,
 Should then Thy Patron intervene ;
 Who, just from School, untaught to spell,
 Shou'd lisp, " The Picture's mighty well ;" 155
 And guess—for how much it might sell ?
 Such CLODIO's haft Thou not disdain'd ?
 And curs'd a Praise so ill maintain'd ?
 And wish'd the Canvas yet unstain'd ?





O F
M A S O N R Y : *
An O D E.

I.

GENIUS of MASONRY! descend,
In mystic Numbers while We sing:

Enlarge Our Souls; the CRAFT defend;

And hither all Thy Influence bring.

With social Thoughts Our Bosoms fill,

5

And give Thy Turn to ev'ry Will!

* MASONRY.] A famous Art, Science, or Mystery, that, when our Author writ this Ode, was in high Repute; as it had been (according to the Records of its Institution and Progress) for many Ages before, and as it continues to be at the Time of compiling these Notes: Many Noblemen, Gentlemen, and others, in this Kingdom of ENGLAND, and in all other his Majesty's Dominions, at this Day professing themselves of the Order of FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS, and attending at certain Periods of Time at their several LODGES. This Order is governed by a Grand Master, (whose Title is said to be more

D

II.

While grofs BATAVIA, wall'd with Mud,
 Thy purer Joys delight no more ;
 And winding SEINE, a captive Flood,
 Laments Thee wand'ring from his Shore ; 10
 Here spread Thy Wings, and glad these Isles,
 Where ARTS reside, and FREEDOM smiles.

III.

Behold the LODGE rise into View!

antient and more honourable than that of the Grand Master of MALTA) and two Grand Wardens, of equal Antiquity with, and second in Dignity to, the Grand Master. These are chosen annually out of the Nobility and superior Gentry of this Realm, at the Grand Festival of the Order, which is usually celebrated a Month or two before the Summer Solstice. Every inferior Lodge hath also its Master and Wardens, whose Office is semestrial, and who are elected out of the most worthy and reputable Brethren. As our Author is a Brother of the Craft, and as such will be understood by every True Adept; so he desires every one who is not so, to look upon his Poem as they would upon the Rhapsodies of an antient Priest, when treating of his Oracles, or the Secrets of his Religion. Every Word is to be accounted a Mystery in itself, and every Comment to be esteem'd heretical which is not given by the Author's own Hand, or with his Approbation, as the present, and no other extant, undoubtedly is.

Ver. 1. *Genius of Masonry.*] In the Poetical Theology, it was allowable not only to ascribe a Genius to every Country, River, Mountain, Virtue, Art, but to make Persons of the

The Work of INDUSTRY and ART.

'Tis grand, and regular, and true: 15

For so is each good MASON's Heart.

FRIENDSHIP cements it from the Ground,

And SECRESY shall fence it round.

IV.

A STATELY DOME o'erlooks Our East,

Like Orient PHOEBUS in the Morn: 20

And TWO TALL PILLARS in the West

Things themselves, and introduce them in Character, as the Author has done several Virtues, &c. in the Ode now under Consideration.

Ver. 7—12.] This Stanza is not in the Editions of this Ode that were printed for the Use of the Brotherhood, but was afterwards added on Account of the Placart that was publish'd against Masonry in HOLLAND, and the Discouragement that it lay under in FRANCE.

Ver. 9. SEINE.] The River on which stands the City of PARIS.

Ver. 13. *Behold, &c.*] Concerning this and the following Stanza, which abound with Mysteries, I am permitted to take notice that our Author, by bidding his Brethren *behold the Lodge rise into View*, and mentioning *a stately Dome that o'erlooks their East, and two tall Pillars that support and adorn them in the West*, plainly confutes the Opinion of those learned Men, who maintain that a Lodge is not a material, but merely an ideal Building. But whether or no it be agreeable to the Rules of Architecture, to place the Dome in the East, that we shall leave to the mature Deliberation of the Criticks.

At once support Us, and adorn.
 Upholden thus, the Structure stands,
 Untouch'd by sacrilegious Hands.

V.

For Concord form'd, Our Souls agree ; 25
 Nor Fate this Union shall destroy :
 Our Toils and Sports alike are free ;
 And all is Harmony and Joy.
 So SALEM's Temple rose by Rule,
 Without the Noise of noxious Tool. 30

VI.

As when AMPHION tun'd his Song,
 Ev'n rugged Rocks the Musick knew ;
 Smooth'd into Form they glide along,
 And to a THEBES the Defart grew.

Ver. 29, 30.] *And the House, when it was in building, was built of Stone, made ready before it was brought thither: So that there was neither Hammer, nor Ax, nor any Tool of Iron heard in the House, while it was in building.* 1 Kings vi. 7.

Ver. 31—34.] AMPHION was the Son of JUPITER and ANTIOPE. We are told, that his Musick made the Rocks follow him; and that the Stones, which composed the City of THEBES, danced into Order at the Sound of his Harp.

Ver. 35. HIRAM's Voice.] This is also very mystical to an

So at the Sound of HIRAM's Voice, 35
We rise, We join, and We rejoice.

VII.

Then may Our Vows to VIRTUE move!

To VIRTUE, own'd in all her Parts :
Come CANDOUR, INNOCENCE, and LOVE ;

Come, and possess Our faithful Hearts ! 40
MERCY, who feeds the hungry Poor,
And SILENCE, Guardian of the Door!

VIII.

And Thou ASTRÆA, (tho' from Earth,

When Men on Men began to prey,
Thou fled'st, to claim celestial Birth ;) 45

Down from OLYMPUS wing Thy Way !
And, mindful of Thy antient Seat,

unlearned Reader. *Hiram* quasi *Liram*, quasi *Lyron*, quasi *Lydon*, quasi *LONDON*, (the Right Honourable the Earl of) our late Right Worshipful Grand Master, at *the Sound* of whose *Voice*, the *Masons* would *rise*, *join*, and *rejoice*.

Ver. 43. ASTRÆA.] The Daughter of JUPITER and THEMIS, and the Goddess of Justice. She is said to have fled from Earth to OLYMPUS (the Poet's Heaven) on beholding the Injustice and Cruelties of Men towards each other. The first written Laws were the last Will and Testament which she left behind her.

Be present still where MASONs meet!

IX.

Immortal SCIENCE too, be near!

(We own Thy Empire o'er the Mind) 50

Dress'd in Thy radiant Robes appear,

With all Thy beauteous Train behind:

INVENTION, young and blooming, there;

Here GEOMETRY, with Rule and Square.

X.

In EGYPT's Fabrick Learning dwelt, 55

And ROMAN Breasts could Virtue hide:

But VULCAN's Rage the Building felt,

And BRUTUS, last of ROMANS, dy'd:

Since when, dispers'd the Sisters rove,

Or fill paternal Thrones above. 60

Ver. 55, 57. EGYPT's *Fabrick*—*the Building*.] The PRO-
LOMEAN Library at ALEXANDRIA, which was twice de-
stroy'd by Fire, at first accidentally in CÆSAR's EGYPTIAN
War, after that wilfully, at the Command of the Caliph O-
MAR I. who had conquered EGYPT.

Ver. 58. *Last of ROMANS*.] This honourable Appellation
has been given to CASSIUS, the Collegue of BRUTUS; but in
the Sense it must be here understood, it is more applicable to
this latter, whose Virtue was adorned with more Politeness
and Humanity than that of CASSIUS.

XI.

But, lost to half of human Race,
 With Us the VIRTUES shall revive ;
 And, driv'n no more from Place to Place,
 Here SCIENCE shall be kept alive :
 And MANLY TASTE, the Child of SENSE, 65
 Shall banish VICE and DULNESS hence.

XII.

United thus, and for these Ends,
 Let SCORN deride, and ENVY rail :
 From Age to Age the CRAFT descends ;
 And what We build shall never fail : 70
 Nor shall the World Our Works survey ;
 But ev'ry BROTHER keeps the KEY.

Ver. 70, 71, 72.] Mystery again ! But a Confirmation of what was before said, that there is real Building among Masons, tho' carefully concealed from all but the Brotherhood.



Of TRA-



O F

TRAGEDY;

And the Comparifon of

Public and Private CHARACTERS.

To Mr. *L I L L O*. *

IN antient GREECE the Tragic Mufe design'd
 On various Strings to touch the tuneful Mind;
 With well-drawn Characters to image Life,
 And work the Paſſions to a gen'rous Strife.

* The Title at firſt was, *To Mr. LILLO, on his Play of the LONDON MERCHANT*. The Piece, at that Time, contain'd little more than what related immediately to that Play, which was almoſt the firſt dramatical Performance the Author ever ſaw. Perhaps this was one Reaſon of his being ſo much pleas'd with it, as to make Verſes on the Occaſion. Be that as it will, ſeveral Copies of theſe Verſes were taken, which made it almoſt neceſſary for him to print them in his Collection. He thought

For this she first did SOPHOCLES inspire, 5
 And fill'd her own EURIPIDES with Fire.
 Compassion's soft, or Terror's rougher Part,
 Blaz'd in full Strength, when perfect was her Art.
 These well to kindle, thro' the Breast she ran,
 And rous'd up all th' Humanity of Man. 10
 His Friend, his Country, and himself forgot,
 The pleas'd Spectator sinks into the Plot:
 He sees, he feels, he hears in ev'ry Breath,
 THEBES, Furies, Incest, CÆDIPUS, and Death!
 Nor with less Care the Moral was convey'd, 15
 When the deep Scene MELPOMENE display'd.
 ATHENIAN Hearts, warm'd by her noble Fires,
 Ne'er cool'd again to the same low Desires.
 The vulgar Dross, when melted in her Mould,
 Bore the true Stamp, and came out real Gold. 20

they would be more easily pardon'd, if he threw into them some Reflections of a general Nature, than if he let them pass in their Original Form, that of a mere Compliment.

Ver. 1—14.] The Design and Effect of the GRECIAN Tragedy, in regard to the Passions.

Ver. 5, 6. SOPHOCLES. — *her own* EURIPIDES.] These two are universally esteemed the most excellent of all the ancient Tragic Poets; but which of these we are to prefer, in com-

From sad Catastrophés she bid them know,
 And shun, the Causes, while they shar'd the Woe :
 Or set bright Virtue in the brightest View ;
 Show'd the fair Chace; and urg'd them to pursue :
 Or gloomy Vice made odious to the Sight, 25
 With Guilt attended, and array'd in Night,

On various Minds, her End by various Ways
 She reach'd, and merited the public Praise.
 Here Monarchs mourn'd their Father Monarchs' Fate,
 And learn'd the Foibles of the Regal State : 30

paring them together, is a Point that has not been so absolutely settled. SOPHOCLES, indeed, seems to have the greatest Number of Suffrages in general, and in the Article of Style there is scarce any one of the Criticks who does not give him the Preference. But then, on the other Hand, ARISTOTLE, and some of the Moderns, have considered EURIPIDES as the *most tragic of all the Poets*, that is, as having a Genius the most peculiarly turn'd for this Species of Writing. It was necessary to give thus much of the Comparifon of their Characters, to shew the Authority on which I have us'd that Expression, *Her own EURIPIDES*, in speaking of the Tragic Muse. As to other Particulars: They were both ARHENIANS, and flourish'd at the same Time; but SOPHOCLES was the elder Man. He died at the Age of Ninety-five, about four hundred Years before CHRIST, for Joy of having gained the Prize by one of his Tragedies. EURIPIDES died about the same Time, or according to others six Years before; but in a less agreeable Manner: For he was torn to Pieces by Dogs, after he had lived

There free-born Minds grew jealous for their Laws,
 Resolv'd to bleed when Liberty's the Cause :
 Here impious Victims, and licentious Love
 Aveng'd, ev'n Youth to Penitence could move :
 There virtuous Sons, to jealous Sires a Prey, 35
 Touch'd the fond Parent in the tend'rest Way :
 Here weeping Nations warm'd the Patriot's Breast :
 There groan'd all Hearts for Honesty distress.

Then not in vain Philosophy was taught :
 The Poet copy'd what the Stoick thought : 40

seventy-five Years. The first of these Authors compos'd one hundred and twenty-two Tragedies, of which only seven are extant : Of the latter nineteen remain, out of ninety-two which he is said to have written. Vid. BAILLET, and LE FEVRE.

Ver. 7. *Compassion's soft, or Terror's rougher Part.*] These two Passions are, by all the Criticks, esteem'd the natural Objects of Tragedy, which endeavours, by operating on these, to rectify the two important Defaults of our Nature, Pride and Cruelty.

Ver. 14. alludes to the OEDIPUS of SOPHOCLES, the most celebrated of all the antient Tragedies, of which ARISTOTLE is continually speaking, as of the most finish'd Model for this kind of Writing.

Ver. 13—38.] The moral Design and Effect of the antient Tragedy, in regard to the Heart.

Ver. 39, &c.] That the Stage antiently was, and might be now made, a true School of Virtue, is a Point that I believe none will contest, who have taken the Pains to consider it, and are free from any unjustifiable Prejudice in Relation thereto.

Each Virtue saw her Image on the Stage ;
 For still the Heroe reason'd like the Sage.
 Youth learn'd at ATHENS, in their Pastime learn'd,
 "Worth lives on Toil, and Fame by Sweat is earn'd."
 The Great Man's Character was social, sweet, 45
 Forgiving, humble, patient, and discreet:
 Finish'd he shone, but shone for public Ends,
 The Gods his Pilots, and Mankind his Friends.

This noble Art for Ages had been lost,
 (For ROME herself its Beauty could not boast) 50
 When Nature gave us, of her choicest Ore,
 A Genius, form'd its Lustre to restore ;
 Glory of ENGLAND, Wonder of his Age,
 SHAKESPEAR ! the mighty ATLAS of the Stage.
 But BRITAIN fail'd her Treasures to refine ; 55
 While a near Nation seiz'd the opening Mine ;

Ver. 49—70. contain a very short History of the Stage down to our own Time, and a Representation of its modern State. It had been easy to have said a great deal more on this Occasion, but not without repeating what had been observed by others, whose Opinion, however, may justify these few Remarks.

Ver. 50. *For ROME herself, &c.*] That the ROMANS either had little Genius for, or did not sufficiently apply themselves to,

Produce'd a Coin more labour'd and more neat,
 With brighter Polish, but defective Weight.
 Translated thence in the succeeding Age,
 Unmanly Strains enervated our Rage. 60
 To make us Lovers, not to make us Men,
 Was the known Task of ev'ry modish Pen.
 A sober Worthy came not in their Way,
 But for the Dupe, or Engine of the Play.
 Some whining Chief, half Humourist, half Fool, 65
 Must move our Passions, or we must be cool.
 And when this fail'd, our Folly to prolong,
 The motley Scenes were lengthen'd with a Song ;
 From Song descending, with more desp'rate Hope,
 To Dance, to Farce, to HARLEQUIN, and Rope. 70
 Thus stood the Stage, half Drollery and Mask ;
 And sure to mend it was an arduous Task ;

the Writing of Tragedy, is universally allow'd.

Ver. 56. *A near Nation.*] FRANCE.

Ver. 61—66. allude chiefly to the Tragedies written in King CHARLES the Second's Reign, and the four following Verses to the Conduct of the Stage in much later Times. Every Reader will make some few Exceptions to the first Part especially of this Censure.

A Task well worthy, for the public Weal,
 Thy Love to Virtue, LILLO, and Thy Zeal.
 The more Thy Praise, who rising in these Times, 75
 Oppos'd this Torrent of poetic Crimes ;
 Stemm'd with Thy steady Sense the furious Stream,
 And in grave Language dress'd a solid Theme.

Let formal Heads have Liberty to rail,
 Who think Your Conduct and Your Diction fail : 80
 Enough for Me, they fail not to controul,
 And warm, the last Recesses of My Soul !
 Nor think You reach not the Sublime of Things,
 Because You draw no Demigods nor Kings :
 For private Characters as well display 85

Ver. 75. *In these Times.*] The Year 1731.

Ver. 79, &c.] The Play of BARNWELL is not writ according to the Rules of Unity, nor is it in Verse like our regular Tragedies. For this Reason the Design of its Author, and the Manner in which he hath drawn his Characters, are the principal Things in it that deserve Commendation.

Ver. 83—100.] The second general Part of the Poem, *Of the Comparison of public and private Characters.* On the Doctrine here advanced are founded all the remaining Paragraphs, which point out the general Instructions, that may be deduced from the private Character of BARNWELL, and other Characters and Incidents of the Play under Consideration.

Ver. 91. OTWAY's *rural Scenes.*] His ORPHAN.

All the same Passions, but in milder Day ;
 And in the Friend and Master we may see
 What the true Patriot, what the King should be.
 Who knows *within* the Great or Vulgar shines,
 Views scepter'd Slaves, and Monarchs in the Mines. 90

Thus Nature charms in OTWAY's rural Scenes :
 (Each Action tells us what the Passion means.)
 ACASTO, or thy THOROUGHGOOD, would shine,
 Enthroned, an ALFRED, or an ANTONINE.
 His warmer Youths, or BARNWELL, on a Throne, 95
 Had wrought a Nation's Ruin with their own.
 Small Things in Greater, Greater in the Small,
 We find, if Nature be the Guide thro' All :

Ver. 93. ACASTO, or *thy* THOROUGHGOOD.] ACASTO in the ORPHAN is Father of the two Brothers, who, with their Mistress, make the Catastrophe of the Play. THOROUGHGOOD is BARNWELL's Master, and MARIA's Father.

Ver. 94. *An* ALFRED, or *an* ANTONINE.] ALFRED THE GREAT, King of ENGLAND, was one of the best Men and best Monarchs that ever lived ; wise, valiant, learned, pious, and just ; constant in Adversity, and moderate in Prosperity. He died A. C. 900. ANTONINUS PIUS, the ROMAN Emperor, deserves an equal Character. Tho' he never sought to enlarge the Empire, yet his admirable Prudence, and strict Reformation of Manners, rendered him as serviceable to the Commonwealth as the greatest Conquerors. He died A. C. 161.

For in feign'd Characters, as in the True,
She forms the Lab'rinth, and She gives the Clue. 100

The Moral's gen'ral, tho' the State be fix'd:
In That, all States, all Dignities are mix'd.
When BARNWELL falls, subdu'd to Love's Controul,
We mark th' unguarded Inlet of his Soul.
To all our Weakness lies one fatal Way, 105
Where waits the fav'rite Passion to betray:
This Way to watch, as bravely as he can,
Is half the Wisdom of the wisest Man.

In vain we guard each Avenue of Sin,
But this: This one lets the whole Tempter in. 110
The wiley Serpent ev'ry Method proves,
Till gain'd this Entrance: Onward then he moves;
Nor finds it hard the Warieft to deceive;
Nor after ceases on the Soul to cleave.

Ver. 103, &c.] From BARNWELL's Character in particular, we learn the Necessity of studying our favourite or ruling Inclination, and the great Danger of indulging it.

Ver. 119. MILLWOOD.] The Courtezan, in the Play treated of, that betrays BARNWELL to his Ruin.

Ver. 122. PHILIP's Son.] ALEXANDER THE GREAT, whose favourite Passion undoubtedly was Ambition.

Ambition, Av'rice, Love; in Prince, in Slave; 115
Aim right, O SATAN! and the Man you have.

On a true-hearted, am'rous, artless Boy,
New in the Field, and Stranger to the Joy,
MILLWOOD was sure the Engine to be play'd,
A Face to charm, a Tongue that could persuade. 120
The Bait of Nature! on his Soul she won,
(Like PERSIA'S Diadem on PHILIP'S Son)
Till, wand'ring loosely o'er her wanton Charms,
He lost Obedience, Faith, and Friendship in her Arms.

These Scenes attend, and learn, ye BRITISH Youth!
Sacred to keep your Chastity and Truth. 125
The Snares which Beauty, or Persuasion brings,
These are to you what Scepters are to Kings.
Then fly these Tempters, as your Evil Fate,
And with a Conscience dare not to debate. 130

Ver. 127, 128.] The Instances of shocking Effects produced both by Love and Credulity in young Persons, are sufficiently numerous to prove what is here advanced.

Ver. 130—144.] Conscious Reason, if we attend to it, will inform us where our Weakness lies, and when we are betray'd by it into a Crime. The Way to hinder any Vice from becoming habitual, is to observe the first Notice of this internal Judge.

In that impartial Cenſor we may find
 Some lively Traces of the Sacred Mind:
 Too weak to ſway, he dictates what is right;
 But if we ſpurn him, loſes all his Light.

That faithful Witneſs, rousing from his Eaſe, 135
 (Reason or Conſcience, name him as you pleaſe)
 Awake'd young BARNWELL from his guilty Trance,
 And, pointing on, forbid him to advance;
 Hung on his Chariot Wheels in mid Career,
 And daſh'd his Pleaſures with a conſcious Fear. 140
 What Throbs, what Conflicts in his Soul he knew,
 When firſt his Crimes came naked to his View!
 When for a Fault, which ſeem'd but half a Sin,
 Black Luſt, mean Theft, and Falſhood hemm'd him in!

See where he lies, diſtracted and oppreſt! 145
 Expiring Virtue ſtruggling in his Breſt.
 Remorſe and Love now maſter him by Turns:
 Repentance melts him, and then Beauty burns.

Ver. 150—162.] The Conſequence of once indulging any
 Paſſion in Deſiance of our Reaſon, is too often no leſs than
 giving the Ballance of Power to that Paſſion, and engaging our-
 ſelves in the Practice of what we muſt conſtantly diſapprove.

Ver. 153. The SYREN.] MILLWOOD.

Now he resolves— Oh could Resolves be held!
 But Vice, audacious, seldom quits the Field. 150
 A pleasing Sin 'tis fatal once to try :
 For ten to one it pleases till we die.
 Again the SYREN all her Arts renew'd ;
 Again as fast the headlong Youth pursu'd ;
 His Conscience trampled, all Remorse defy'd, 155
 And blacken'd o'er his Crimes with Parricide.

Thus Vice, which first deludes, at length controuls,
 (So strong, so desp'rate is the Fate of Souls!)
 An acted Sin too late, alas! we view:
 To fly from Shame, our Follies we pursue ; 160
 Till, native Innocence and Freedom lost,
 From Crime to Crime we dreadfully are tost.

Remarks so pertinent inspir'd to make,
 I praise Thy BARNWELL for the Fable's Sake :
 To Youth a Caution ; to mistrustful Age 165
 A Lesson learn'd but seldom from the Stage.

Ver. 156. Parricide] The Murder of his Uncle.

Ver. 166, &c. allude to the Unwillingness of THOROUGH-
 GOOD to suspect his Servant of such Crimes as he afterwards
 appeared to be guilty of, and his tender Behaviour towards him
 after Conviction.

Well fare the Omen! now successful Plays
 Revive the Morals of our Fathers' Days;
 And speak the manly Spirit of those Times,
 When none suspected undiscover'd Crimes. 170

Nor fails Thy Muse in the pathetic Part,
 But finds the tend'rest Passage to the Heart.
 For fair MARIA who but melts in Tears,
 When ruin'd BARNWELL wakens all her Fears?
 What Heart but throbs when TRUEMAN's Soul is tost?
 The virtuous Friend of one to Virtue lost, 175
 O could their Pray'rs his Innocence restore!
 Yet now (and Virtue never can do more)
 The Lover shines, the Friend endures the Test.
 View these Examples, and be Worth confest! 180

Ye Belles, whose Pleasure is your only End,
 Ye Fops, who court the Sun-shine of a Friend,

Ver. 173, 174, &c. MARIA—TRUEMAN.] MARIA is in Love with BARNWELL, which she conceals till she sees him plung'd into Misfortunes. TRUEMAN is his Friend and Fellow-Servant, who also signalizes himself on this Occasion. Their Characters are therefore pointed out, as proper Examples to Coquet Mistresses and Summer Friends.

Ver. 190, &c.] In his last Scenes BARNWELL is represented in such Circumstances as our Religion assures us are the best

Here in each Sex behold the purest Flame ;
 Then blush, be honest, kindle up the same !
 'Tis Love, 'tis Friendship, that which will not fail 185
 In Want, in Shame, in Sickneſs, or in Jail.
 The Reſt, Pretence, Words, Wind, or what you pleaſe ;
 'Tis nothing ſolid,--- therefore none of Theſe.

Still muſt I moralize Thy virtuous Views !
 And lo ! a loftier Subject for the Muſe. 190
 See Treason, Theft, and Parricide forgiv'n !
 Learn, Sinners ! hence, the Clemency of Heav'n.
 BARNWELL relents ; the friendly Terrors roll :
 Then Joys abundant pour upon his Soul.
 O ſpeak, ye Saints ! the Favour'd of the God, 195
 Say what thoſe kindly Viſits of his Rod ;
 Deſcribe the bliſſful Tranſports that ſucceed,
 And make, ev'n here, an Happineſs indeed ;

we can wiſh for in this Life, but the Deſcription of which is more ſuitable to the Character of a Divine than a Poet. For this Reaſon our Author makes an Apoſtrophe to the Saints, that they would give a Picture of what they alone are ſuppoſed to experience, and afterwards to his Muſe, that ſhe would leave the Subject in the Hands of Men more able to purſue it, and keep to Themes for which ſhe is better qualified.

Make that on Death no Pangs, no Grievs attend,
 But Those of parting with one's Love, or Friend. 200
 Unhallow'd Muse, recline thy feeble Wing :
 Of Themes like these let WATTS or LILLO sing.
 Thy Task be only — Virtue to explore,
 Or praise that Merit which was own'd before :
 To bid our BRITONS to their Fame be just, 205
 And give Applause where all the Virtuous must ;
 Advice, Reproof, or Comfort to impart,
 And speak the faithful Dictates of my Heart.





G. Bickham design et sculp.

Bashful B E N:

A T A L E.*

Inscribed to a FRIEND.

*Vous savez des etoffes vendre,
Et leur prix en perfection;
Mais ce que vaut l'Occasion,
Vous ignorez; allez l'apprendre.*

DE LA FONTAINE.



THE Story ev'ry Christian knows,
How JOSEPH did the Flesh oppose:
How Beauty, Youth, and Grandeur strove,
In vain, his righteous Soul to move.

* Founded on a real Affair, that differed from the Relation only in a few Circumstances, which, for certain Reasons, it was necessary either to alter or omit.

This made the Name of JOSEPH ring, 5
 When Virtue was a common Thing :
 How much more strange, if I should tell
 A modern Tale, that sounds as well ?
 CASTO, My Kinsman, and My Friend,
 To Thee this Narrative I send ; 10
 To Thee, more chaste than SCIPIO ; Thee,
 More chaste than Man was meant to be,
 My Tales have all their moral Uses :
 Remark what Moral This produces :
 Nor more with CÆLIA sleep a-Nights, 15
 Merely to drive away the Sprights ;
 Nor for Thy Chum SUSANNAH chuse,
 To talk of Nonsense and of News.
 Such Treatment would a Vestal vex :
 For 'twas the Sentence of the Sex, 20
 When DELIA told Thee to Thy Face,
 “ There was no Honour in the Case.”

Ver. 12. *More chaste than SCIPIO.* SCIPIO AFRICANUS the
 Elder, having taken the City of NEW CARTHAGE in SPAIN,
 certain of the Soldiers brought a beautiful young Virgin, whom
 they had made Prisoner, and presented her to him. But tho'

NEAR WINDSOR live'd some ten Years since,
 In rural Peace, one TONY PRINCE;
 Of good Repute, and moderate Riches, 25
 Got honestly by making Breeches;
 At which his Equal scarce was found
 In all the Country, ten Miles round.
 His Work worn out, his Name forgot,
 People may say, they knew him not: 30
 But all the Country knew him then;
 Him, and his Wife, and 'Prentice BEN.

His Wife and Prentice! what were they?
 The Dame was juicy, fair, and gay:
 Had six and thirty Winters seen; 35
 Yet kept the Vigour of Sixteen.
 The Boy was strait, genteel, and tall;
 Had long black Hair, and curl'd withal:
 But then a vastly virtuous Lad;
 A better Servant no Man had. 40

SCIPIO was then in the Vigour of his Youth, he refused to
 accept her, in Regard to his Dignity as General; informing
 them, however, that he should have been pleased with their
 Present, had he been a private Soldier.

This Wife, this Lad, a Spaniel Dog,
 A Cow, some Poultry, and a Hog,
 Were all the Family he kept:
 Among which he as soundly slept,
 As if two Porters at his Gate 45
 Had watch'd, with all the Pomp of State;
 As if his House had been three Stories,
 Large, splendid, strong, and all that more is.

The highest Honours he had borne,
 That could his Quality adorn; 50
 Serv'd Constable and Overseer;
 And knew exactly either Year,
 In ev'ry small litigious Matter
 His Neighbours chose him Arbitrator;
 And found him such a faithful Crony, 55
 They call'd him always *Peaceful TONY*.

SARAH and he now twenty Years
 (As by the Register appears)

Ver. 41—68. The Circumstances of TONY, the Reputation he lived in with his Neighbours, and his easy Union with his Yoke-Fellow, do all together shew him in so happy a Situa-

In mutual Love had led their Lives,
 The best of Husbands and of Wives: 60
 Full twenty Times, with annual Joy,
 Renew'd their Vows, and blest the Boy;
 That ne'er thro' Life might be forgot
 The Day that ty'd the sacred Knot.
 From ev'ry Circumstance 'twas plain, 65
 Each wore a voluntary Chain.
 Love never chose two smoother Darts;
 Nor let them fly at kinder Hearts.

What could distress this happy Pair?
 Av'rice, that deadly Source of Care. 70
 Advance'd in Age, impair'd in Health,
 TONY's whole Thought was turn'd on Wealth.
 He bought a Horse, rode up and down,
 And hawk'd his Goods from Town to Town.
 Besides that Gold engag'd his Mind, 75
 He hope'd some Holidays to find:

tion, that nothing seems likely much to disturb him, but an
 imprudent Alteration in his own Conduct.

Ver. 62. *The Boy.*] CUPID.

For, tho' the Dame knew no Decay,
His usual Debt he could not pay.

At all the Fairs and Markets round
Industrious TONY might be found. 80

Loons, who the Forest us'd to range,
For Skins had Breeches in Exchange :
Each am'rous Swain of TONY bought,
Lace'd up the Thighs, and finely wrought.

Still while the Master fold his Store, 85

BEN and his Mistress made up more :

BEN and his Mistress staid at home,

Where-ever TONY us'd to roam.

When Love once settles in the Head,
'Tis hard to bear the widow'd Bed. 90

Husbands that leave too long their Wives,
Have Cause to mourn it all their Lives.

Ver. 78. *His usual Debt, &c.*] Upon the Av'rice of TONY, when at home, or if you please his Insolvency, in the Article of Domestic Dues, as well as on his Absence; our Author founds the subsequent Excuse for the Conduct of SARAH. We are willing to point out every Thing of this Nature, to shew how tenderly he always deals with the Character of the Fair Sex.

Our Dame, we said, knew no Decay ;
 What could she do,—— from Day to Day ?
 As chaste she seem'd, as chaste need be ; 95 }
 But two long Nights, and sometimes three,
 No Soul within but **BEN** and she,
 How could the Woman chuse but think ?
 What Flesh and Blood could sleep a Wink ?

In Justice to the Sex, our Song 100 }
 Must say, she bore the Trial long :
 At last, the Tempter grew too strong,
 One Night, as by the Fire they sate,
 She thus began her amorous Prate ;
 First having introduce'd her Tale 105 }
 With giving **BEN** some Cake and Ale.

Wert thou not such a simple Knave,
 How kind a Mistress might'st thou have!

Ver. 90, 91, 94. *The widow'd Bed—leave too long—from Day to Day.* All these Expressions may allude to the last mentioned Particular, as well as to that on Account of which they are immediately introduced: And in this Sense they intimate that **SARAH**, who *knew no Decay*, was before sufficiently provoked to do what she now had an Opportunity to attempt.

Some Lads would long ere now have known
 Which Side their Bread was butter'd on. 110
 Some Lads! what would they not endeavour,
 What would they grudge, to win my Favour?
 But thou art the most sheepish Fellow!
 Always the same, sober and mellow!
 Yet, could one know the naked Truth, 115
 Sly Rogue! thou art like other Youth.
 Right good, I'll warrant, in a Corner!
 Had I a Daughter, I should warn her.—
 'Tis the still Sow drinks all the Draught.—
 Ah BEN! thou hast a waggish Thought. 120
 With that she clapp'd him on the Thigh;
 And sigh'd, and glance'd a leering Eye.
 BEN drank his Ale, and ate his Cake;
 Look'd at her; grinn'd; but did not speak.
 'Tis only Caution, thought the Dame, 125
 With some Remains of Virgin Shame.

Ver. 110—119 *Which Side their Bread was butter'd on.*—'Tis
the still Sow drinks all the Draught.] Such proverbial Expressions,

He thinks ; but dares not yet presume :
 Suppose I take him to my Room,
 And shew him there some wanton Freaks ?
 The Devil's in't if he mistakes! 130
 All Flesh and Blood has the same Itch.
 She thought ; and thus renew'd her Speech:—

I'll lie no longer in the House,
 Unless we catch that curfed Mouse.
 I'd give a Crown to have him taken. 135
 I've try'd with Cheefe, and try'd with Bacon,
 And spoke on't ev'ry Day this Week ;
 But 'tis in vain for Me to speak !
 You sleep yourself, so all goes right.—
 Well ! I insist upon't this Night.— 140
 If you are good at baiting Traps,
 We may have better Luck, perhaps.
 To-morrow Morning we shall see.
 Here ! take it up, and come with Me.

it is hoped, will be pardoned, if not approved, in a Conversation to which the Author esteemed them altogether suitable.

She led : BEN follow'd her ; and did : 145
 Nor more, nor less, than he was bid.
 The wooden Trap was all he baited,
 Whate'er his Mistress had conceited.
 She loos'd her Shoes ; unlace'd her Stays ;
 Then—on her Elbow loll'd at Ease ; 150
 And talk'd of Sweet-hearts all the while.
 BEN blush'd, and answer'd with a Smile.
 How the Stupidity must teize her !
 The Bait ! that was not put to please her !
 She shew'd him how ; and, by the Way, 155
 Obliquely gave him Words to say :
 But BEN took all Things in the Letter :
 No Bait, he argue'd, could hang better.
 The Boy was right in his Intent :
 But little Thought what Bait she meant. 160
 Well ! of the Moufe-Trap we despair :

Ver. 145, 146. BEN — did — Nor more, nor less, than he
 was bid.] The Casuists, in one Duty express'd, can discover
 several Duties imply'd ; at least, in a Duty simply recom-
 mended, they discover so many Degrees and Circumstances, as

BEN is not to be taken there :
 He bids her civilly Good-night.
 But now her Garters, they were tight :
 She was almost asham'd to ask ; 165
 Yet — wish'd he'd undertake the Task :
His Fingers, possibly, might do ;
 And 'twas no Harm — betwixt them two.
 Was ever more Confusion seen,
 Than in the Face of BENJAMIN? 170
 Untie the Garters of his Dame ?
 His very Looks cry'd, Fie ! for Shame !
 But, tho' he wish'd himself a Mile hence,
 Her Pleasure aw'd him into Silence ;
 And Duty prompts him to obey : 175
 So down he kneels — to make th' Essay ;
 Careful his Fingers did not rove,
 Nor ev'n his Eyes, one Inch above.

to make it include every Thing that has the least Relation
 thereto, either in Idea or Expression, in Reason or Pun. 'Tis
 certain therefore, from his Conduct in the present Affair, that
 BEN was no Casuist even in Love.

In TURKEY, when a Damsel's drest
 For Marriage, (doubtless in her Best,) 180
 Her Maids, with num'rous Knots and Stitches,
 Hamper the Knee-strings of her Breeches :
 Nor must the Bridegroom board his Bride,
 Before these Knee-strings are unty'd.
 The frisky Jades try all they can, 185
 To plague the vig'rous Muffulman ;
 And giggle, while the Youth affails
 Their Morning's Work, with Teeth and Nails :
 Which conquer'd, out he puts the Light,
 And craves their Absence for the Night: 190

Ver. 179——192. *In TURKEY, &c.*] The Custom here mentioned is taken notice of by all Historians, who pretend to give an exact Account of the TURKISH Ceremonies. It is farther reported, that the Bridemaids, on these Occasions, make the Knee-strings intolerably long; so that the young Fellow hath sometimes an Hour or two's Work, before he gets to the End of his Task. As to the wearing of Breeches in TURKEY by the Women, Travellers assure us, that the TURKS make not much Difference in the Dress of the two Sexes, except about the Head; and that they both wear Drawers under their long Garments, made close behind and before, and fastened to their Stockings. Mr. PRIOR mentions these Female Breeches in his ALMA. After noting from HEYLIN, that in BRITAIN'S Isles, the Ladies trip in Petticoats, and the Men claim the Breeches as their Due, he informs us, That

They leave him, getting each a Kiss,
To take his whole Revenge on Miss.

BEN was as eager as a TURK,
And long'd as much to do his Work :
But then, 'twas with another View : 195
The Job completed, out he flew.
His Freedom was sufficient Gains :
He took the Labour for the Pains.

What Lengths will not a Woman run,
When once her Devil has begun? 200
At Midnight comes the Fit again :
She knocks for BEN with Might and Main.

*In TURKEY the Reverse appears:
Long Coats the haughty Husband wears;
And greets his Wife with angry Speeches,
If she be seen without her Breeches.*

CANTO II.

Ver. 200. *When once her Devil has begun.*] That is, as the Author has elsewhere express'd it, *When Inclination strongly teizes*. Hear what the aforesaid Mr. PRIOR has written concerning this Devil, or Inclination, or, as he calls it, Distemper:

*A Distemper of this Kind——
If once it youthful Blood infects,
And chiefly of the Female Sex,
Is scarce remov'd by Pill or Potion.*

'Twas — that a Candle might be brought ;
 For sure she was, the Moufe was caught :
 She wak'd with hearing something strike ; 205
 And 'twas the Trap, — or vastly like.
 The Boy, (she reason'd in her Mind,)
 By this Time, doubtless, will be kind :
 He must have weigh'd the whole Affair ;
 And comprehends it — to a Hair. 210

BEN rose, obedient to the Call,
 And struck a Light ; and that was all.

Here, Sirs, misconstrue not my Sense :
 I mean, 'twas all of Consequence.
 He view'd the Moufe-Trap, if you please ; 215
 Saw Madam kill a Dozen Fleas ;
 Then with low Courtesy absconded ;
 Nor did one civil Thing beyond it.

Oblige'd by Custom ne'er to sue,
 Women are desperate when they woo : 220

Ver. 219—226.] The Author did not here intend the least Reflection on the Fair Sex, but rather on his own, for ever giving Occasion to those necessary Effects that a Disappoint-

Their dear Repute so lies at Stake,
 They dread the Confidents they make.
 Borne thro' dull Forms by Passion's Gust,
 Ev'n he who serves them they distrust:
 But Vengeance, Rage, and mortal Spite, 225
 Pursue the Wretch who baulks them quite.

What Solace could the Dame enjoy?
 Slighted! and by her 'Prentice Boy!
 Think how her Bosom must be torn,
 Betwixt Despair, Revenge, and Scorn! 230
 Think how she groan'd away the Night,
 And curs'd her Carnal Appetite!
 She wish'd the very House would fall
 On BEN, the Trap, herself, and all:
 Then pray'd (so fervently before 235
 Never did she the Gods implore)
 That to Fourscore the Boy might live,
 And long for what she long'd to give;

ment must have on a female Mind, when it breaks thro' that
 Restraint which Custom has too partially (I had almost said
 cruelly) laid it under.

While all the Sex conspir'd with Fate,
And urge'd her unrelenting Hate. 240

When Morning came, 'twas odd to see
How Madam and her Man agree.
She storm'd and flouch'd all o'er the House:
But not one Word about the Mouse.

BEN wish'd in vain for Ale and Cake: 245

He wish'd, poor Lad! but durst not speak.
For Breakfast Cheese, and Cheese for Dinner!
What ails my Dame? The Devil's in her,
Thought he. At Night 'twas, Idle Puppy!
You want your Supper then! I'll sup ye!-- 250
Dear Madam! — How! and dare you chatter?
What, you know nothing of the Matter!
Well, well, your Master comes To-morrow:
He shall inform you——to your Sorrow.

Ver. 240. *Her unrelenting Hate.*] By this Word Mr. DRYDEN, in his Translation of VIRGIL, expresses the Hatred of JUNO to the TROJANS, whom she intended utterly to extirpate. It seems here used to intimate a Spite no less extraordinary in its Kind, tho' it doth not extend to the Life of the Person. The Idea given by this, and the two preceding Lines, reminds one of TANTALUS his hungering and thirsting perpetually, for what he always sees, but must never taste.

BEN guesses'd, good Lad! and guesses'd again, 255
What could these Looks and Speeches mean.

Never was Youth in such a Fright:

He star'd all Day, and mus'd all Night.

Next Ev'ning home returns our Man:

When such a dreadful Tale began, 260

That TONY could not but attend,

And poor BEN's Hair quite stood on-end.

My Dear, that worthless Rogue of yours,

For God's Sake, turn him out of Doors!

Leave him to work? a lazy Lubbard! 265

He works at nothing but the Cupboard.

He has not done one Thing I've ask'd.

Villain! how kindly was he task'd!

He might have done it, and been glad.——

I cramm'd him—with the best I had. 270

Ver. 263, 265, 268, 272, 273. *Worthless Rogue—lazy Lubbard—Villain—Whelp—Dog—*] These are odd Expressions indeed for a sober Woman: But when we consider, that it was now her Business to be in so violent a Passion, as that nobody else should have Liberty to speak or think till she had obtained her Purpose, and to make the Crime of BENJAMIN appear more terrible than she possibly could by direct Accusations, we shall then have no Reason to wonder at her talking in this Manner.

Yet, all the Int'rest I could make,
 The Dev'l a Stitch that Whelp would take.
 Never was Dog so void of Grace :—
 Yes! a fine Fellow in your Place!

BEN would have spoke, and TONY heard, 275
 That so the Matter might be clear'd ;
 But on she ran : Make no Reply ;
 For either he turns out, or I :
 So, TONY, take your Choice this Minute ;
 Your Wife or Boy : There's no more in it. 280

What could a Husband do, or say ?
 No Man would turn his Wife away ;
 No Man, whom Providence had blest
 So many Years — with one so chaste.
 The Boy was guilty on her Word : 285
 What Evidence could she afford ?
 A stronger Proof no Law allows
 From any Woman to her Spouse :
 And Husbands live the easiest Lives,

Ver. 299. *And work'd, as usual.*] That is to say, Did as much
 Work as he could at his Years : For we are not to suppose,

Who on their Words believe their Wives. 290

Without more Question or Debate,

Thus their Affairs they reinstate.

To purchase Ease at all Adventures,

The Master gave up BEN's Indentures.

BEN bundled up his Alls, and went; 295

With Peace and Ignorance content.

No more the Mistress play'd the Wag:

For TONY sold his dappled Nag ;

And work'd, as usual, during Life ;

And liv'd in Comfort with his Wife. 300

Now, to conclude this long Narration,

How shall we turn our Application?

The Case of BEN is clear and ample:—

Masters may quote the good Example ;

And thence infer a young Man's Duty, 305

Respecting Madam, and her Beauty :

But noting well, from TONY's Danger,

That the safe Head must be no Ranger.

either that he could do so much now as he did in his Youth,
or that SARAH was so unreasonable as to desire it of him.

Madam may take our Story next,
 And raise new Doctrine from the Text ; 310
 May turn poor BEN to Ridicule ;
 And prove, ev'n JOSEPH was a Fool.

In LONDON all the Lads will wonder,
 That ever Booby should so blunder :
 For Lads, they say, among the Cits, 315
 Are apt enough to mind their Hits.
 From ALDGATE on to COVENT-GARDEN,
 With Madam's Leave, they ask no Pardon ;
 Nor think the Master wrong'd, who meets
 With a clean Shop — and dirty Sheets. 320
 Right *Bashful* BENS are no-where many : —
 The Country, now, hath few, if any.

You, my good Friend, to whom I fend it,
 Will take my Tale as I intend it :
 A Caution, never to lie neuter 325
 By SUE, or CÆLIA, for the future.





T H E
R E L A P S E:
An O D E. *

HAH! is it Thou, familiar Pain,
That thrills anew thro' ev'ry Vein?
And dost Thou, LOVE, revive thy usurp'd Reign?

I feel Thee strong, imperious Boy,
Soul of Desire, and Bane of Joy; 5
I feel Thee strong, my Liberty's Annoy.

Yes, cruel Pow'r, by Fate controul'd;
(Wretch that I was!) I did behold
Those Eyes, Thy known Artillery of Old.

* First written in the Year 1729, but revised and corrected since.—It cannot be expected with regard to Love Verses, that an exact Account should be render'd of the Occasions that pro-

Was This, to Beauty or to Thee, 10

A Crime, unwarily to fee?

A mortal Crime? and must not I go free?

Unkind Invader of my Breast,

Ah! quit the Throne too long posselt;

Ah! quit, retire, and leave me to my Rest. 15

Wilt Thou not hear? And must I fly

Those Arms of thine; or bravely try

What Virtue can, and conquer Thee or die?

Know Tyrant then, I scorn to yield!

Once, with Reflection for my Shield, 20

Once have I try'd, and driv'n Thee from the Field.

duced them: But the Reader may be informed why he meets with none here of a more antient Date than the Author's Relapse; since it is unlikely that a Versifier should ever have been in Love, either really or pretendedly, without exerting his musical Talent. Now the true Reason of this may be given in a very few Words. All his Productions of the amorous Kind, in which he seems to be in earnest, he charges to the Account of a very early Period of his Life, when he was far from having the same Idea as now, of that peculiar Delicacy, both of Sentiment and Expression, that is requisite in Love-Poetry. For this Reason they were entirely omitted in a small Collection of

I feel my Strength this instant Hour,
 And dare Thy Darts, Thy pointed Show'r,
 With DELIA by, that Engine of Thy Pow'r:

Thou fly'st: REASON with wonted Grace 25
 Kindly returns; resumes her Place;
 Nor fears the Fury of that potent Face.

PASSION subsides: *Her* gentler Sway
 Flows on my Soul, and smoothes Her Way,
 Serene and calm, like the still Breeze in MAY. 30

Vain Boast! Again shall DELIA warm
 This heaving Heart, and LOVE deform
 That Smooth of Soul, and swell me to a Storm.

his Poems, that was printed, and sold among his Friends, about five Years ago. In this Volume, however, was inadvertently left an Allusion or two to these juvenile Compositions, and the Name of DELIA was pointed out, as having been formerly his favourite Theme. Had not this unluckily happened, neither the Name, nor the Verses devoted to it, had been ever revived: But it was now incumbent on him to produce some of those Trifles in a future Impression, which he had before prudently suppressed. In looking over these Monuments of his antiquated Amour, it was his Business to select the least faulty, that so the Trouble of correcting them might not be too great: And these

Ah tranſient Interval of Pain!

Behold She comes, She comes again! 35

And vengeful LOVE exerts redoubled Reign!

Traitor to REASON, as before,

To aught but LOVE I live no more ;

And LOVE within preys on my vital Store.

Enough! Great Pow'r, withdraw thy Force! 40

My Blood runs cold! the purple Source

Exhausted fails!— behold my trembling Corſe!

Faint, breathleſs, pale, in vain I ſtrive.—

Ah! DELIA, let not Scorn ſurvive ;

But claſp him dying, whom you ſhunn'd alive! 45

he found to be the Pieces that were laſt compoſed ; of which *The Relapſe* was the firſt in order, and conſequently the earlieſt that was proper to be choſen. The ſubſequent Pieces are but few, and will be inſerted at ſuch Times, while this Collection is printing, as the Author ſhall find himſelf in a Humour to re-viſe them carefully.

Ver. 28. Her *gentler Sway*.] Meant of Reaſon.

Ver. 42. *Corſe*.] Corpſe, or Body.



Simple S I M O N:

O R,

Who was to blame? *

QUOTH SIMON to THOMAS (and shew'd him
his Wife)
See THOMAS! see here! the Delight of my Life.

Look at her again! — Did you ever behold
Such Sweetness, enshrin'd in so charming a Mold?
For conjugal Virtue she never had Peer : 5

To me, all engaging; — to others, severe.
But then to enjoy her! Good Gods! such a Feast
Were fit for a Monarch, — or even a Priest.
Would she but consent, you should taste of the Bliss. —
This Man's my Acquaintance; SUE, grant him a Kiss. 10

SUE yielded; and THOMAS accepted the Grace:
The Husband fate by, and beheld the Embrace;

* The Author was actually present one Evening at a Conversation very much like that which is here recited. He knew THOMAS had Gallantry enough to make use of a less Hint than was now given him, and therefore concluded he would not be wanting to his Character.

O'erjoy'd that his Wife would so far condescend,
As to honour her Spouse, by obliging his Friend.

How suddenly *CUPID* can Poison impart! 15

It pass'd thro' the Lips, and it tickled the Heart.

They eye'd one another with mutual Good-will ;

And *SIMON* commended his Moiety still.

Friend *THOMAS*, you'll visit your Neighbour again ?

Your Treatment shall always be hearty and plain. 20

From Eleven till Two I am daily at 'Change :

At any Time else Sir:—Pray, do not make strange !

TOM promis'd: The Bottle went once more about :
And then they most courteously lighted him out.

SUE added her Compliment too at the Door : 25

My Husband has mention'd the Time, Sir, before :

From Eleven till Two he is never at home.—

I hope, Sir, you'll do us the Honour to come.

TOM's Word was repeated: The Sense of the Promise
Appear'd in the Eyes of both *SUSAN* and *THOMAS*. 30
But *SIMON* was blinded with Love of the Dame.—
If *SUSAN* was visited, “ Who was to blame ? ”



Poetical Knighthood:

To an Old School-Fellow. *

AS Shop-man notes in Day-Book first
 The Goods deliver'd out on Trust;
 Where Names promiscuously are place'd,
 As this comes first, and that comes last;
 From whence, at proper Seasons, He,
 (Taught by the Rule of *A, B, C,*)
 Transcribes, in Order, who bought what,—
 This Page for One, for T'other that.

So I, who traffick to PARNASSUS,
 And ryme on most Affairs that pass us,

* Written in the Year 1732; and first printed in a small Collection that came out soon after.

Ver. 9. PARNASSUS.] A Mountain of PHOCIS, (a Province of GRECIA PROPRIA) sacred to APOLLO and the Muses, and the pretended Abode of the latter. At the Foot of it was the Fountain CASTALIUS, sacred also to the Muses.

Secure in Pocket always keep
 Pen, Ink, and Paper bound in Sheep:
 Nor Time, nor Form can make me doubt,
 When Fancy prompts, to take them out,
 And save from Death my Infant Labours, 15
 Whether at Home, or at some Neighbour's.

So also (for the Use should be
 Complex, when so the Similé)
 At proper Times, in larger Code,
 My *Vade Mecum* I unload: 20
 Digesting into sep'rate Parts,
 Tales, Odes, Epistles, Flames and Darts.—

And as, at CHRISTMASS, o'er his Books
 Th' aforesaid honest Tradesman looks;
 To see how Stock in Bus'ness betters, 25
 And write out Bills upon his Debtors:
 When (after having chose the best,
 And shook his Head at all the rest)
 He sends, or goes himself, to catch

Ver. 20. *My Vade Mecum.*] My Pocket-Book.

Ver. 48. *To DELIA, DAVID, JOHN, or BEN.*] The first of these Names has already occur'd, in the Ode called, *The Relapse*;

What ready Money they will fetch. 30

So I, this Morning, took a View
Of all my Poems, old and new ;
To weigh them with a Critic Spirit,
And use them just as they should merit.

The Flames demand the greatest Part ; 35

Some few discover — some Desert ;

These to a Friend I shew'd, and hinted

A mighty Mind to have them printed.—

Why JACK, said he, your Thought in this,
I can't conceive it much amiss : 40

Doubtless, your Friends would all be glad ;

And, Faith! my Int'rest should be had.—

But first, methinks, you ought to know

How much Mankind is pleas'd with Show.

A rising Poet always writes 45

To Dukes, Lords, Ladies, 'Squires, or Knights :

While you for-ever use your Pen

TO DELIA, DAVID, JOHN, OR BEN.

and will be seen again, more than once, in the present Collection. The other three belong to three of the Author's earliest Friends ; to one or other of whom, at the Time of writing

84 POETICAL KNIGHTHOOD:

These vulgar Names are what I fear:
 For ten to one the Town will hear 50
 That BENJAMIN's a Country Quaker,
 And DELIA but a Mantua-maker ;
 That DAVID in a Cellar pent is,
 And JOHN's an Oilman's greasy 'Prentice.
 I left my Friend without Reply, 55
 And went to PHOEBUS' Court just by:
 The God was but that Minute up,
 And scarce had drank his Morning Cup.
 (To take a Draught his constant Course is,
 While forth the HORÆ bring his Horses, 60
 And fix them to their flaming Chariot!
 So bright --- no mortal Eye can bear it.)

this Epistle, he usually communicated all his Verses. These will also be mentioned again else-where, on Account of some of the Pieces inscribed to them.

Ver. 56. PHOEBUS.] APOLLO, or the Sun, the God of Poets and Physicians, as well as of the Day. He is said to be the Son of JUPITER and LATONA, and Brother of DIANA. Oracles, and the Art of Divination, were antiently attributed to him. The modern Poets, as they have less Opinion of his Divinity, so they make much more free with the Person of this their Deity than the Antients did. To pay him a Visit, or receive one from him, is no extraordinary Case: Which proves that his Court is nearer to us, and a Place of more easy Access, than

Not many Ceremonies past,
 My Person known, the God in haste.
 Speak quickly, Friend ; I must not stay : 65
 The Western World expects the Day.
 Dost thou not see how fair AURORA
 Invites me on, and blames my *Mora* ?
 (Note, with APOLLO 'tis no Crime
 To use that Tongue which comes in Ryme.) 70
 As soon as Man can Answer make
 To what Superior Beings speak,
 I told him all I've here told you,
 And humbly ask'd him how to do.
 Do? says APOLLO.—In my Right, 75
 Call BEN, My Lord ; make JOHN a Knight :

it was in the Days of OVID, who has given a pompous Description of it in the second Book of his *Metamorphoses*.

Ver. Ver. 60. *The HORÆ.*] The fabulous Daughters of JUPITER and THEMIS. They kept the Gates of Heaven, and looked after the Horses of the Sun while he was at rest, whose Chariot they were also said to get ready every Morning.

Ver. 67.] AURORA.] The Daughter of TITAN, and Goddess of the Morning. She is said to usher forth the Sun, as herself is ushered forth by LUCIFER. The Meaning of these Fables, and the rest that allude to natural Appearances and Revolutions, is generally pretty obvious.

Ver. 68. *Mora.*] Delay.

86 POETICAL KNIGHTHOOD, &c.

Let DAVID shine a 'Squire compleat :

Let DELIA keep her Country Seat.

Such Words will give your Writings Strength :—

You need not name their Trades at Length. 80

I made a Bow, and Home I came,

Brim full of Joy, and sacred Flame ;

Corrected all my Poems thro',

— And writ, besides, this Scroll to You :

(Assur'd no Fellow in your Plight would 85

Refuse the Dignity of Knighthood :))

This Scroll, which from APOLLO brings

A Title,—sacred as from Kings :

Conveying Right for Friends to teize ye

With, Sir—Your Worship—May it please ye! 90

Accept it then, without one more Word,

And be Sir JOHN from this Time forward.

Ver. 89, 90. *Conveying Right, &c.*] This Right, it seems, is now made use of by JOHN's Acquaintance in the Country.



To



T O
Mr. *H O G A R T H*:
O N H I S
Modern Midnight Conversation.*

S A C R E D to Thee, permit this Lay
Thy Labour, HOGARTH, to display.
Patron and Theme at once to be,
'Tis great; but not too great for Thee:

* A well known Print of that excellent Artist, publish'd before the Act for securing the Property of such Performances was in being. Soon after its appearing, the Author was solicited by a Print-seller, whom he knew, to write some Lines

For Thee, the Poet's constant Friend;
Whose Vein of Humour knows no End,

5

Perhaps in CHAUCER's antient Page
We view the HOGARTH of his Age:
Upon the Canvas first, like Thine,
His deathless Characters might shine.

10

So should some Bard, with equal Art,
Collect the Hints Thy Works impart,
Three hundred Years his Name might raise
To Thy great Dividend of Praise.

for a Copy of it that was then engraving. As Custom, at that Time, had given a Sanction to such Kind of Piracies, among the Print-sellers of all Degrees, he made no Scruple of complying with the Request. But, on attempting to make good his Engagement, the Subject so pleas'd him, that, instead of a plain Description of the Print, which was the Thing desired, he ran into an Address to its ingenious Author, and produced the Epistle which here appears. The Piece, as it now stands, (except a very few Alterations and Additions) was published entire under the said Copy: But was afterwards mangled by other Print-sellers, and even by the same, to put under several Copies of different Sizes, where Scraps of it were sometimes inserted among Verses by other Hands. As Mr HOGARTH's Print is a better Commentary on this Epistle, than ever this was on that, it is hoped that Gentleman will excuse the inserting a small Copy of it, in a Place where it is so very necessary as well as ornamental, and where it cannot be deemed any Invasion of his Property.

Alas! that Picture should decay! 15
 That Words alone can Wit convey!
 But Words remain: O may this Verse
 Remain, thy Honour to rehearse!
 This Verse, which, honest to thy Fame,
 Has join'd thy Praises and thy Name! 20

Who can be dull, when to his Eyes
 Such various Scenes of Humour rise?
 We wonder, while we laugh, to see
 Ev'n BUTLER's Wit improv'd by Thee.

VER. 7. CHAUCER.] GEOFFRY CHAUCER, the Father of ENGLISH Poetry, who in his principal Work, The CANTERBURY Tales, "has taken in, as Mr. DRYDEN expresses it, the various Manners and Humours (as we now call them) of the whole ENGLISH Nation in his Age. All his Pilgrims are distinguished from each other; and not only in their Inclinations, but in their very Physiognomies and Persons, &c." [Pref. to DRYDEN's Fables.] This happy Talent of describing human Nature, as it appears in the World, makes him a proper Parallel to the Character with which he is here introduced. Tho' it may be thought scarcely pardonable in a Poet, that he hath sacrificed the Glory of one of the Greatest of that Name to the Supposition of his having copied from the HOGARTH of his Age; yet, perhaps, this Idea of a Picture, representing CHAUCER and his Twenty-nine Fellow-Pilgrims at their Inn in SOUTHWARK, may not be disagreeable.

VER. 24. BUTLER's Wit.] In his HUDIBRAS, to which Mr. HOGARTH design'd and engrav'd a Set of humorous Cuts.

Thy Harlot pleas'd, and warn'd us too.—— 25

What will not gay Instruction do?

Here we behold, in what unite

The Priest, the Beau, the Cit, the Bite;

Where Law and Physick join the Sword,

And Justice deigns to crown the Board; 30

How *Modern Midnight Conversations*

Mingle all Faculties and Stations.

Full to the Sight, and next the Bowl,

Sits the Physician of the Soul:

No loftier Themes his Thought pursues 35

Than Punch, good Company, and Dues.

Easy, and careless what may fall,

He hears, consents, and fills to all;

Proving it plainly, by his Face,

That Cassocks are no Signs of Grace. 40

Next him a Son of BELIAL see:

Ver. 25. *Thy Harlot.*] *The Harlot's Progress*, in six Prints, published by Mr. HOGARTH not long before his *Modern Midnight Conversation*.

Ver. 33. *Full to the Sight, &c.*] It will be easily perceived what Figure of the Print is alluded to in each of the following Paragraphs, tho' the Author is not certain that he has

(That Heav'n and SATAN should agree!)
 Warm'd, and wound up to proper Height,
 He vows, still to maintain the Fight;
 The brave, surviving Priest assails, 45
 And fairly damns the First that fails:
 Then toasts a Bumper to *The Best*.——
 The Doctor smokes the meaning Jest;
 And, mindful of his fav'rite Lads,
 Repeats the Health, and bids it pass. 50

What Hand but Thine so well could draw
 A formal Barrister at Law?
 Behold! united in his Look,
 FITZHERBERT, LITTLETON, and COKE.
 His spacious Wig conceals his Ears; 55
 Yet the dull, plodding Beast appears:
 His Muscles seem exact to fit
 Much Noise, much Pride, and not much Wit.

not mistaken Mr. HOGARTH's Sense in one or two of them.
 If he has, it is the less material, because we are assured under
 the Original, that there is not *one meant Resemblance* there.

Ver. 54. FITZHERBERT, LITTLETON, and COKE] Three
 famous ENGLISH Lawyers, who wrote in different Ages, the
 last of them about the Beginning of the seventeenth Century.

The Man of Honour and the Knave,
 For diff'rent Purposes, look grave : 60
 Who then is He, with solemn Phiz,
 Upon his Elbows pois'd at Ease?
 Not the first Man, who drinking deep,
 Has broke the Peace, he swore to keep:
 To act a Crime, and paint the Shame, 65
 Are oft' the Province of the same :
 Heav'n, Whoring, Bribes, and Reformation,
 Make up true Midnight Conversation.

What MACHIAVEL behold we now,
 With Patriot Cares upon his Brow? 70
 Alas! that Punch should have the Fate
 To drown the Pilot of the State!
 That, while both Sides his Pocket holds,
 (Nor D'ANVERS grieves, nor OSBORNE scolds)
 He drops the Bus'ness of the Realm, 75
 And leaves the FRENCH to Folks at Helm!

Ver. 73. *Both Sides his Pocket holds.*] In the Original, and all the larger Copies, on the Papers that hang out of the Politician's Pocket at the End of the Table, was writ, *The Crafts*

When CIVIS tells, with watry Eyes,
 How Credit sinks, and Taxes rise;
 At Parliaments and Great Men frets;
 Recounts his Losses, and his Debts;
 His Language in his Looks appears,
 And he who sees Thy Picture, hears.

The puny Fop, Mankind's Disgrace,
 The Ladies' Jest, and Dressing-Glass;
 Who meets us with a motley Scene
 Of Snuff-Box, Powder-Bag, and Cane;
 This He-she Martyr of Debauch
 Thy Pencil brands with foul Reproach.

See! where the Relict of the Wars,
 Deep mark'd with honourable Scars,
 A mightier Foe has caus'd to yield
 Than ever MARLBRO' met in Field!
 See! prostrate on the Earth he lies;
 And learn, ye Soldiers! to be wise:

man, and, The London Journal. There was not Room here to express them both.

Ver. 91. *A mightier Foe.]* The Liquor.

Flush'd with the Fumes of gen'rous Wine, 95
 Lo! GLYSTER's Face begins to shine :
 With Eyes half-clos'd, in stamm'ring Strain,
 He speaks the Praise of rich CHAMPAIGN ;
 Calls it — the Physick of the Gods :
 And, while like Jove he greatly nods, 100
 His trembling Hand, by Fortune led,
 Applies it to the Captain's Head.
 Thro' a'stive Life surpriz'd we trace
 Thy manly Satire's varied Grace :
 But wonder more that Grace to find 105
 Display'd on Cyphers of our Kind.
 Mere Expletives in human Form,
 Thy Genius, bold, expressive, warm,
 In Strength of Character can show :
 Profoundly drunk th' insipid Beau ; 110
 With Face averse th' unsocial Brute ;
 Each thoughtless, motionless, and mute.

Ver. 103—112.] Added since this Epistle was first printed.

Ver. 117, 118. LEVI—JUSTIN—BALLANCE.] The Priest,
 the Lawyer, and the Justice. The following Names need no
 Explanation.

Ver. 124. CATO]. The Cenfor, whose Gravity was proverbial.

'Tis Thine, a Lesson to impart
 In each free Effort of thy Art.
 'Tis Thine, O Learn'd in Nature's Laws! 115
 To shew us how one pow'rful Cause
 Makes LEVI swell, and JUSTIN sneer;
 To BALLANCE gives the conscious Leer;
 Bids RANTER roar, and TRADE-ILL weep,
 And lulls poor INDOLENCE to Sleep! 120
 How mighty Wine, to various Shapes,
 Transforms the Tribe of human Apes!
 From Me 'tis dull, what from Thy Hand
 Might ev'n a CATO's Smile command!
 Th' expiring Snuffs; the Bottles broke; 125
 And the full Bowl at four a Clock;
 The num'rous Reck'ning on the Shelf;
 Who can describe them but Thyself?
 In vain we ransack ROME or GREECE,
 To match this Conversation-Piece: 130

Ver. 127. *The num'rous Reck'ning on the Shelf.*] Empty Bottles.

Ver. 129. *In vain, &c.*] Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE has confined not only the Name, but the very Being of Humour, to the ENGLISH Nation: It is allow'd indeed, that he has carried the Point too far; but then it is agreed, that no People, an-

In vain our Follies would advance
 The Names of ITALY and FRANCE.
 Labour and Art else-where we see;
 But Native Humour strong in Thee.
 In Thee!—But Parallels are vain!
 A great Original remain:
 Go on to lash our reigning Crimes;
 And live --- the Cenfor of the Times!

135

tient or modern, that we know of, ever equalled the ENGLISH therein. Tho' this hath hitherto been meant peculiarly of Humour in Writing, it is thought we may now extend it to Painting and Sculpture.

Ver. 137. *Go on, &c.*] Mr. HOGARTH has since published divers satirical Prints on the Vices and Follies of the Age, besides several humorous ones of another Kind.



To